With termes nor Titles; he's at reſt in bed,
Kings do not vſe to watch themſelues, they ſleep,
And let rebellion and conſpiracie,
Reuell and hauocke in the Common-wealth.
Is London look'd vnto?

Hun. It is my Lord:
Your noble Vnckle Exeter is there.
Your brother Gloceſter, and my Lord of Warwicke,
VVho with the Maior and the Aldermen
Do guard the gates, and keepe good rule within.
The Earle of Cambridge, and ſir Thomas Gray
Do walke the round, Lord Scroope and Butler ſcout,
So though it pleaſe your Maieſty to ieſt,
Were you in bed, well might you take your reſt.

Kin. I thanke ye Lords: but you do know of old,
That I haue beene a perfect night-walker:
London you ſay is ſafely lookt vnto,
Alas poore Rebels, there your ayde muſt faile,
And the Lord Cobham Sir Iohn Old-caſtle,
Quiet in Kent, Acton ye are deceiu'd:
Reckon againe, you count without your hoſte.
To morrow you ſhall giue account to vs,
Till when my friends, this long cold winters night
How can we ſpend? King Harry is aſleepe,
And all his Lords, theſe garments tell vs ſo:
All friends at foot-ball, fellowes all in fielde,
Harry, and Dicke, and George: bring vs a drum,
Giue vs ſquare dice, weel keepe this court of guard,
For all good fellowes companies that come.
Where's that mad Prieſt ye told me was in armes
To fight, as well as pray, if neede required.

Suf. He's in the Campe, and if he knew of this,
I vndertake he would not be long hence.

Kin. Trip Dicke, trip George.

Hun. I muſt haue the dice: what do we play at?

Suf. Paſſage if ye pleaſe.

Hun

Hunt. Set round then: ſo, at all.

Har. George, you are out.
Giue me the dice, I paſſe for twenty pound,
Here's to our lucky paſſage into France.

Hun. Harry you paſſe indeed, for you ſweepe all.

Suf. A ſigne king Harry ſhall ſweepe all in France.

Enter Prieſt.

Pri. Edge ye good fellowes, take a freſh gamſter in

Har. Maſter parſon? we play nothing but gold?

Pri. And fellow I tel thee that the Prieſt hath gold,
what? ye are but beggarly ſoldiers to me, I thinke
more gold then all you three.

Hun. It may be ſo, but we beleeue it not.

Har. Set Prieſt ſet, I paſſe for all that golde.

Pri. Ye paſſe indeede.

Har. Prieſt, haſt any more?

Pri. More? what a queſtion's that?
I tell thee I haue more then all you three,
At theſe ten Angels.

Har. I wonder how thou comſt by all this gold.
How many benefices haſt thou Prieſt?

Pri. Faith but one, doſt wonder how I come by
I wonder rather how poore ſouldiers ſhould haue g
Ile tell thee good fellow, we haue euery day tyths,
chriſtnings, weddings, burials: and you poore ſnake
ſildome to a booty. Ile ſpeak a proud word, I haue
parſonage, Wrotham, tis better then the Byſhopp
Rocheſter: there's nere a hill, heath, nor downe in a
but tis in my pariſh, Barrham downe, Chobham
Gads hil, Wrotham hill, Blacke heath, Cockes heat
chen wood, al pay me tyth, gold quotha? ye pas not

Suf. Harry ye are out, now parſon ſhake the dice.

Pri. Set, ſet, Ile couer yee, at all: A plague on't I
the diuel, and dice, and a wench, who will truſt them

Suf. Saiſt thou ſo, prieſt? ſet faire, at all for once.

Har. Out ſir, pay all.